

Spirituous.

Nashville. L. P. M. W. 6 Lines 4's. Second Matter.

1. I'll praise my maker with my breath: And, when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers;

Verder.

Chorus.

Verse.
 Chorus.
 My days of Praise shall never be past, While life, and thought, and being, last, Or im-mor-tal-i-ty en-dures.
 The truth for-ev-er stands secure; He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his promises vain.
 Inst.
 Voice.
 3 4 3
 7 6 5 4
 6 4
 6 4
 5 4

Verse.

1. Father of mercies, God of love, O, hear an humble suppliant's cry! Bend from thy lofty seat above, Thy throne of glorious majesty;

Organ.

Chorus.

And bid my drooping heart rejoice.

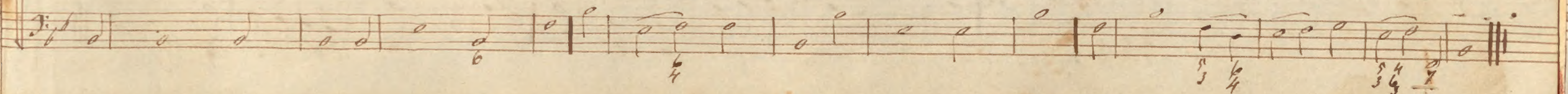
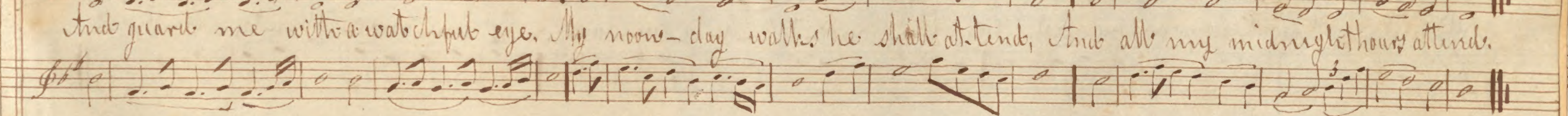
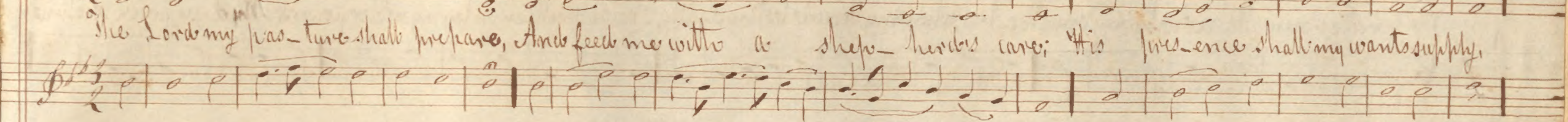
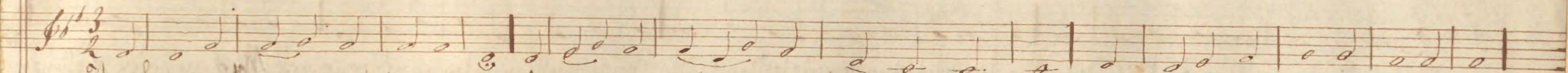
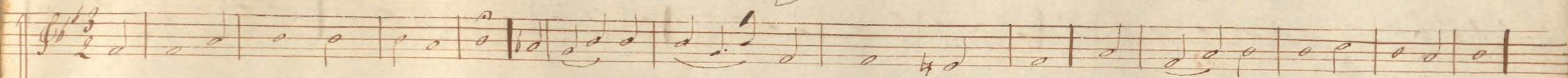
O, dignify to listen to my voice, And bid my drooping heart rejoice.

2. I urge no merits of my own.
No worth, to claim thy gracious smile;
And when I bow before thy throne
Dare to converse with God awhile,
Thy name, blest Saviour, is my plea.
Dearest and sweetest name to me.

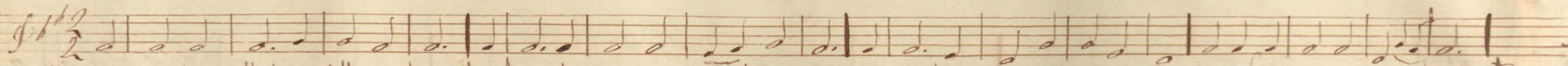
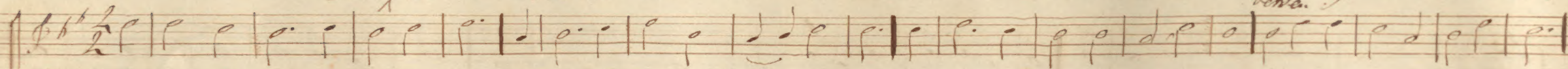
3. Father of mercies, God of love,
Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry:
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty;
One pardoning word can make me whole
And soothe the anguish of my soul,

Voice 2. 6 5/4 4/2 6 6/4 5/4

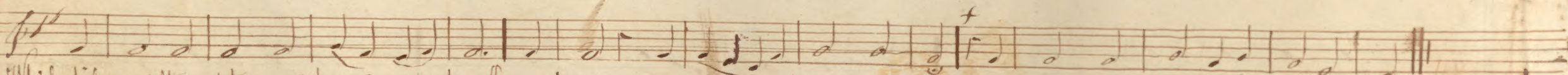
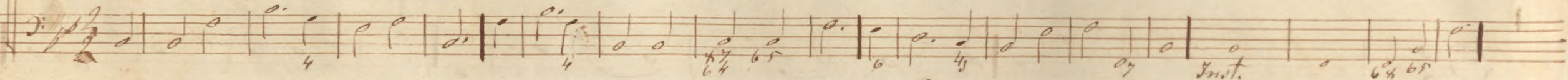
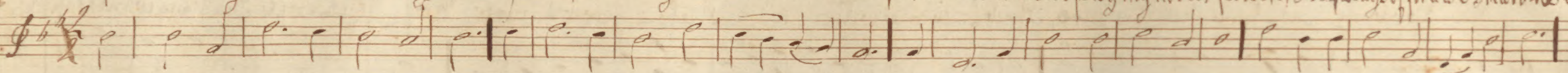
Canada: L.P.M. Or 6 Lines H.S. Second Method Dr. Arnold.



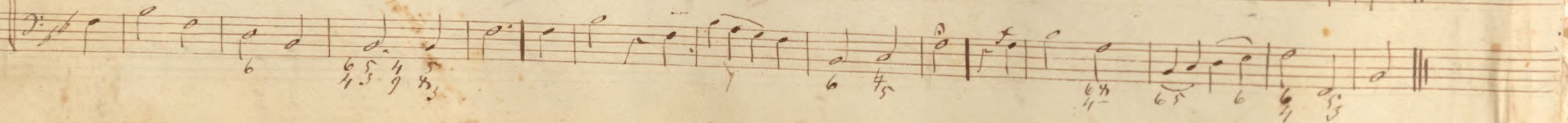
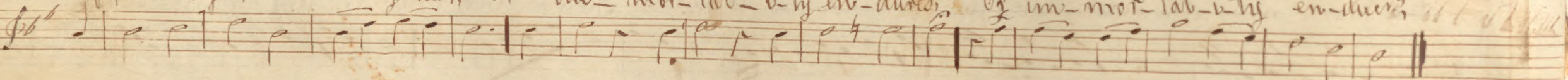
My N^o 1. C. P. M. or 6 Lines. 4th S. Second Metre. J. Dannel, Versa.



I'll praise my Maker with my breathing, And, when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers; My days of praise shall never



While life, and thought, and being, last, Or im-mor-tal-i-ty en-dures, Or im-mor-tal-i-ty en-dures,



Gay's. L. P. M. or 6. Lines, H. S. Second Melody, Gay.

1 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues, To God we raise uni- ted songs: His power and mercy we pro- claim;

2 Long as the moon her course shall run, Or men behold the cir- cled sun, Lord, in our land sup- port thy reign:

3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Verse.

Chorus.

Through every age, O may we own, Jehovah here has fixed his throne, And tri- umph in his mighty name.

Crown her just counsels with suc- cess, With truth and peace her bor- ders bless, And all thy sacred rights maintain.

Crown, her just counsels with success:

Inst.

Voice.

Martines Lane L.P.M. *Adagio del tutto* Dr. Arne.

My days of praise shall never be past.

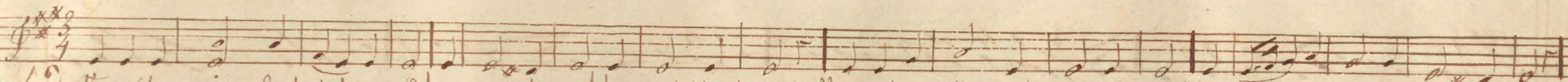
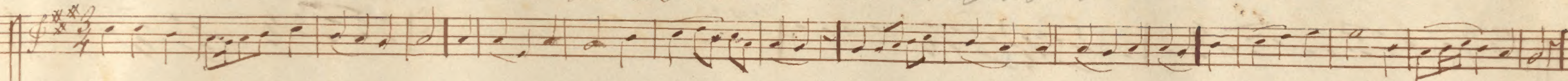
I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers:

2. How blest, the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God! He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure:
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

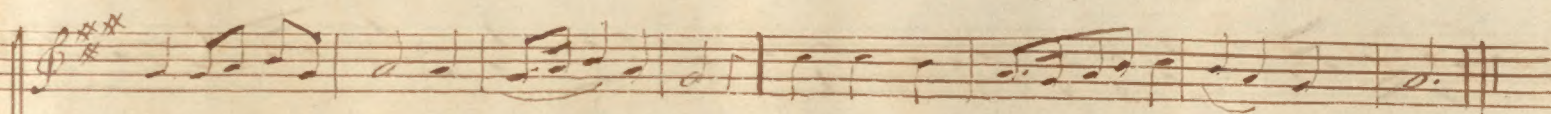
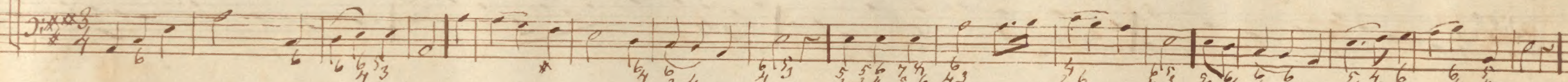
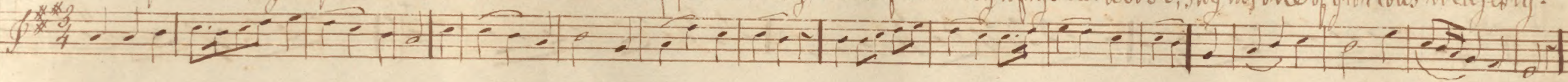
3. I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall never be past,
While life, and thought, and being, last,
Or immortality endures.

Salmonach. L. P. M. or 6 Lines W. S. First Metre

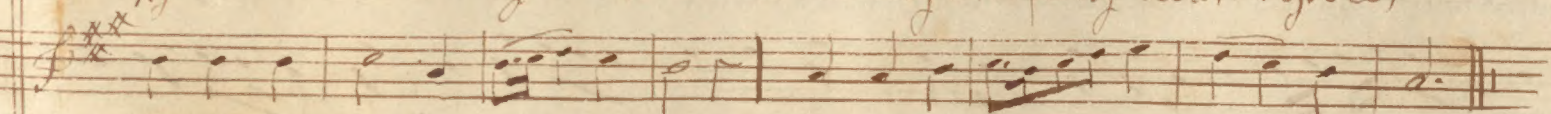
V. H. P. 1811



1. Father of mercies, God of love, O hear an humble suppliant's cry; Bend from thy lofty seat above, Thy throne of glorious majesty:



O, dign to listen to my voice. And bid my drooping heart rejoice,



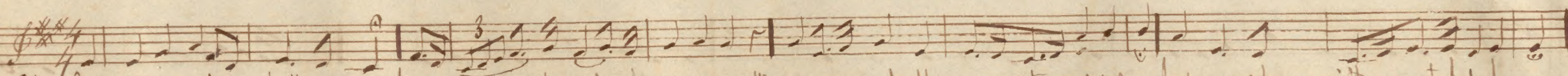
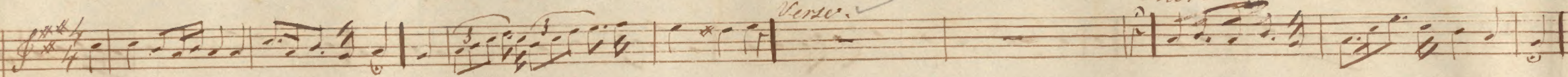
2. Judge no merits of my own,
No worthy to claim thy gracious smile:
And when I bow before thy throne.

Dare to converse with God awhile.
Thy name, blest Saviour, is my plea—
Dearest, and sweetest name to me.

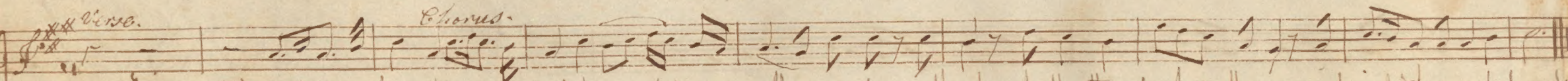
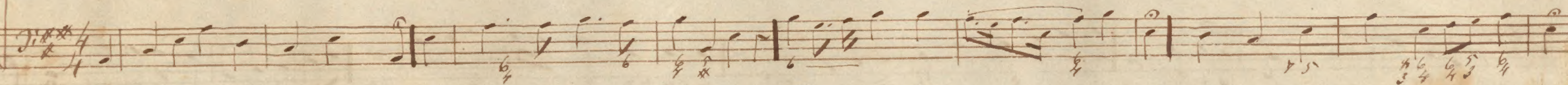
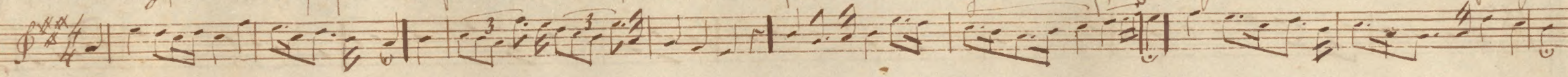
3. Father of mercies, God of love,
Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty;

One pardoning word can make me whole,
And sooth the anguish of my soul,

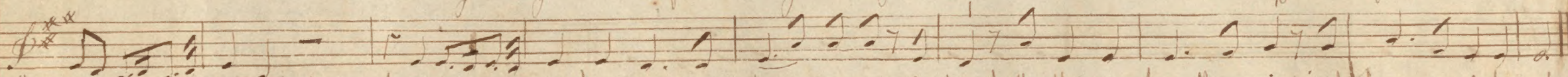
M. T. P. A. D. 1
Hosanna L. P. M. 6 Lines H.S. Second Metro. Leach.
Verse. Chorus.



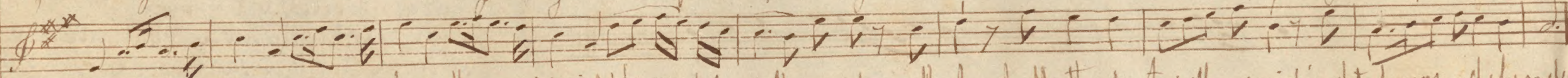
The Lord my pasture shall prepare, and feed me with a shepherd's care: His presence shall my wants supply, and guard me with a watchful eye.



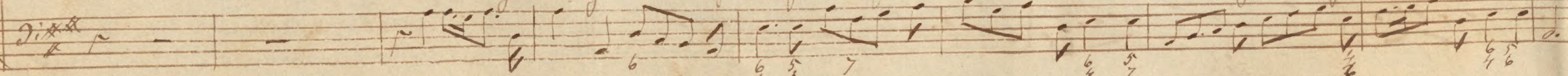
Shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend, My noon day walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.



My noon day walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend: My noon day walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

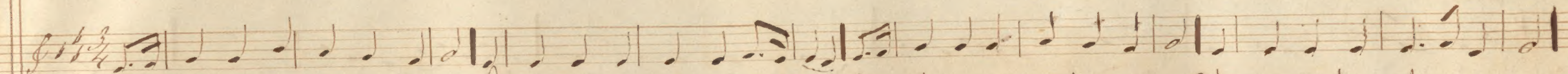
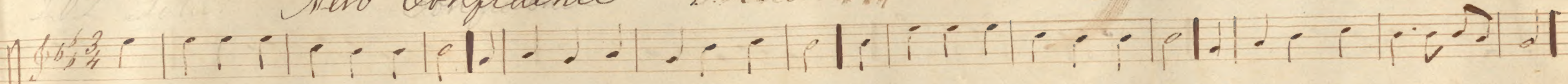


And all my midnight hours defend, My noon day walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

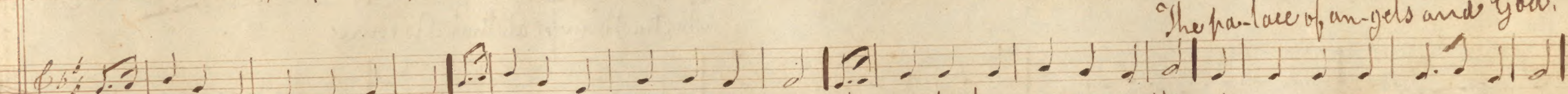
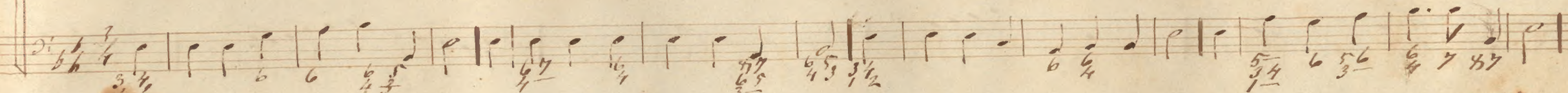
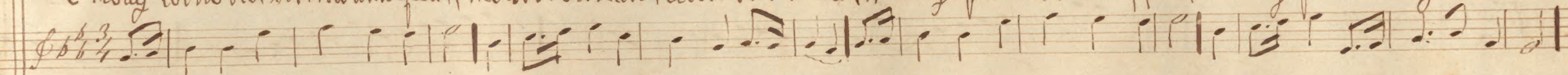


202 *Solo* New Confidence 4 Lines. 4th

S. B. Pond.

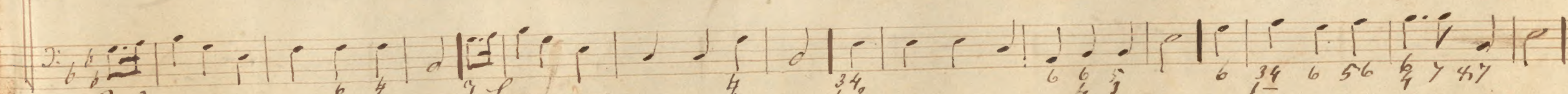
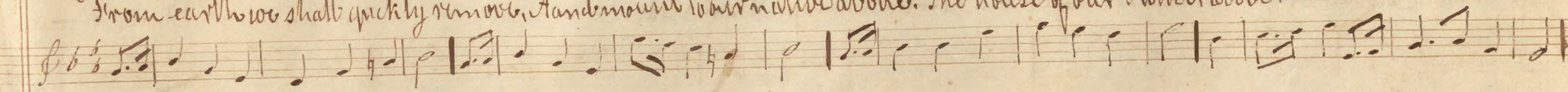


Away with our sorrow and fear, We soon shall recover our home; The city of saints shall appear; The day of e-terni-ty come.



The pa-lace of an-gels and God.

From earth we shall quickly remove, And mount to our native abode: The house of our Father above.



G. S.

4 4 5

G. S.

4

3 4 2

6 6 5

1 3 4

6 5 6

6 7 4 7

Mission, 4 Lines 4's.

J. Stephens.

Handwritten musical notation for the first system of the hymn "Mission". It consists of four staves. The first staff is the treble clef melody. The second staff is the alto clef melody. The third staff is the tenor clef melody. The fourth staff is the bass clef accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the staves.

This God is the God we adore, Our faithful unchangeable friend, Whose love is as large as his power, And neither knows measure nor end, To Jesus the

Handwritten musical notation for the second system of the hymn "Mission". It consists of four staves. The first staff is the treble clef melody. The second staff is the alto clef melody. The third staff is the tenor clef melody. The fourth staff is the bass clef accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the staves.

And trust him for all that is to come, first and the last, Whose spirit shall guide us safe home, We'll praise him for all that is good, And trust him for all that is to come.

Spring, 4 Lines, 4's.

J. Clark

Handwritten musical notation for the hymn "Spring". It consists of four staves. The first staff is the treble clef melody. The second staff is the alto clef melody. The third staff is the tenor clef melody. The fourth staff is the bass clef accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the staves.

The turtle breathes forth her soft moan, The winter is over, and gone, The thrush, whittles sweet on the spray, The lark mounts, and warbles away.

Slow.

Spring. 4 Lines. 4th S.

J. Clark

The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,

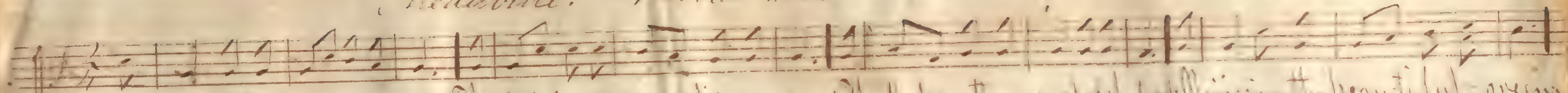
The winter is over, and gone, The thrush, whistles sweet on the spray;

The lark mounts, and warbles away.

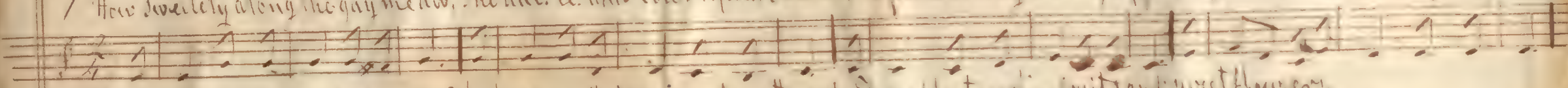
A handwritten musical score on aged paper, featuring four staves of music. The notation is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style. The first staff begins with a 'Slow.' marking. The title 'Spring. 4 Lines. 4th S.' is written above the first staff, and the composer's name 'J. Clark' is written above the second staff. The lyrics are written below the staves: 'The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,' on the first staff, 'The winter is over, and gone, The thrush, whistles sweet on the spray;' on the second staff, and 'The lark mounts, and warbles away.' on the third staff. The fourth staff contains numerical figures (fingerings) written below the notes: 5 4 3, 4 5 4 3, * 6 6 6 6 6 6, 4 5, 3, 6 4, 6 5 4 3, 6, 6, 6-7, 6 4.

Headville: 4 times B.A.

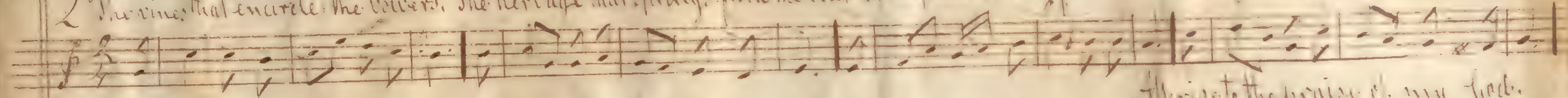
First



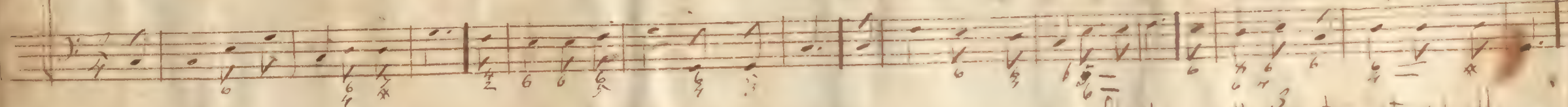
/ How sweetly along the gay meads, The daisies and cowslips are seen! The flocks as they carelessly feed! Rejoice in the beautiful green.



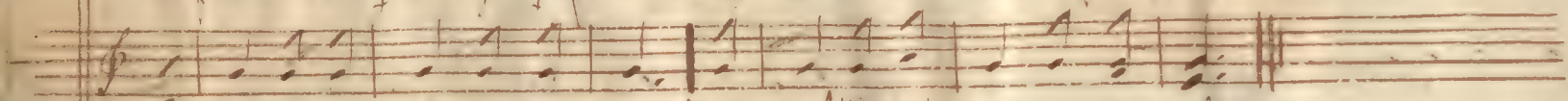
2 The vines that encircle the bowers, The herbage that springs from the sod: Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers.



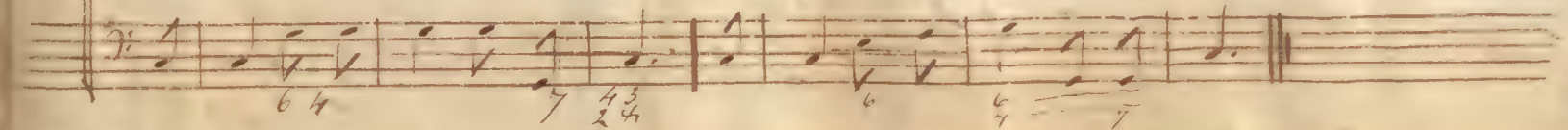
All rise to the praise of my God.



The flocks as they carelessly feed! Rejoice in the beautiful green.



Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers, All rise to the praise of my God.



Shall man the great master of all,
The only invisible prove?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call—
Forbid it, devotion and love.

The Lord, who such wonders can raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise—
My soul shall rejoice in my God.

Geranium: 4 Lines 4's.

Proclamation

My gracious Redeemer, I love. His praises, abroad I'll proclaim. And join with't armies above, To shout, his adorable name.

1. Thou Shepherd of Israel, divine. The joy and desire, of my heart, For closer communion; I pine. I long to reside, where thou art. I long to reside, where thou art.

2. In pasture I languish to find. I have all who their Shepherd bind. The flock, on thy law are inclined. And screened from the heat of the day. And screened from the heat of the day.

3. Ah! show me that happiest place. The place, thy people adore. Where saints in an ecstasy gaze. And hang on a crucifix'd cross. And hang on a crucifix'd cross.

4. Thy love for a sinner declare. Thy passion and death in the near thy spirit to always bear. To suffer and triumph with thee. To suffer and triumph with thee.

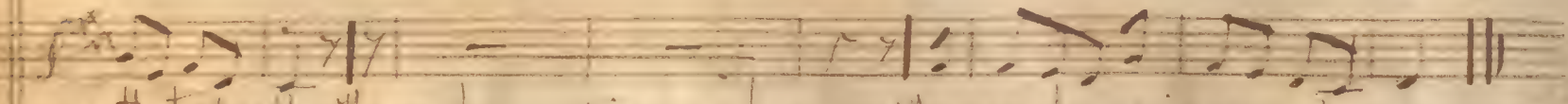
Psalm 137. 14th & 15th



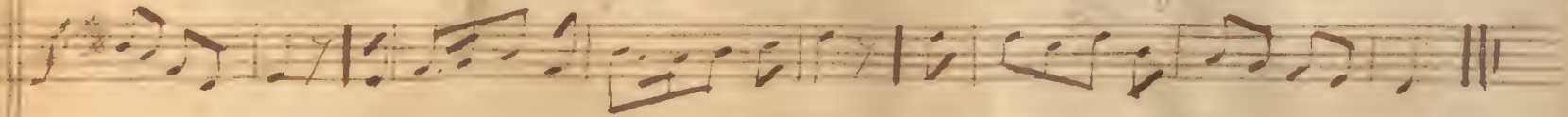
How hap-py is the pilgrim's lot; How free from every anxious thought, from worldly hope and fear! His soul disdains



confined to mirth or court nor cell.



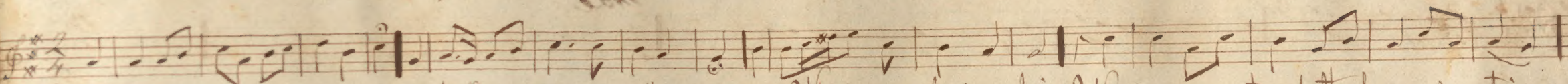
with to dwell, the only sojourns here, the only sojourns here.



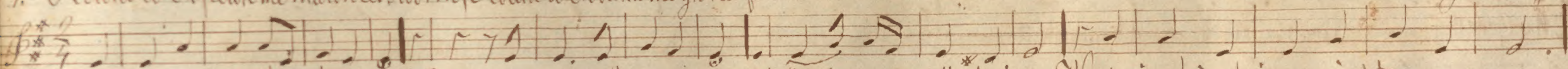
to get a land, do I possess:
do I get gain in this with derelict:
at my way, for my man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
to gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my caravan take.

Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger to the world, unknown,
I call their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

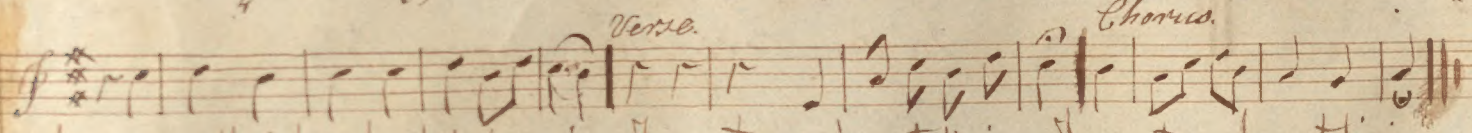
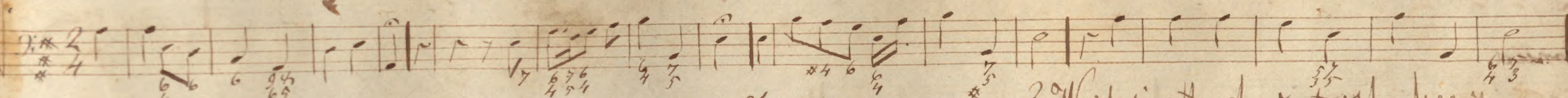
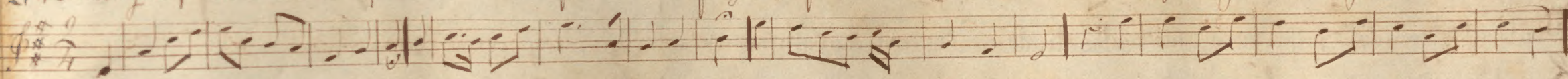
Friendship. C. P. M. or 4 4's & 2 6's.



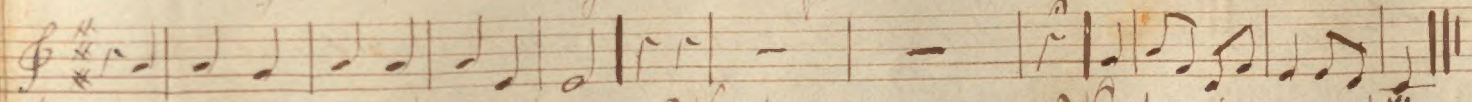
1. O could we speak the matchless worth, O could we sound the glories forth, Which in our Saviour shine, We'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,



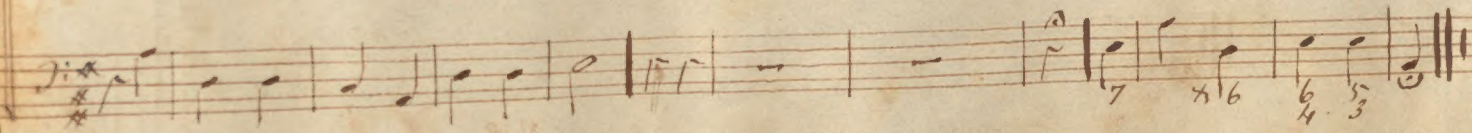
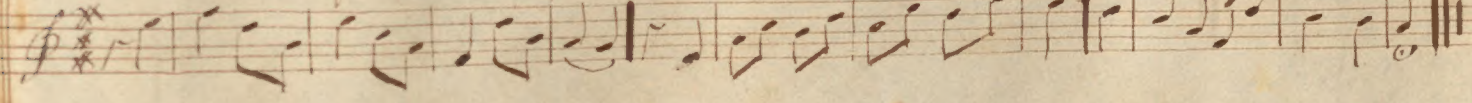
2. We'd sing the precious blood we spilt - Our ransom from the dreadful guilt, Of sin and wrath divine: We'd sing his glorious righteousness.



And vie with Gabriel, while he sings, In notes of almost divine, In notes almost divine.



In which all-perfect, heavenly dress, We shall forever shine, We shall forever shine.



3. We'd sing the characters he bears,

And all the forms of love he wears,

Exalted on his throne;

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,

We would, to everlasting days,

Make all his glories known,

4. Well the delightful day will come,

When our dear Lord will bring us home,

And we shall see his face;

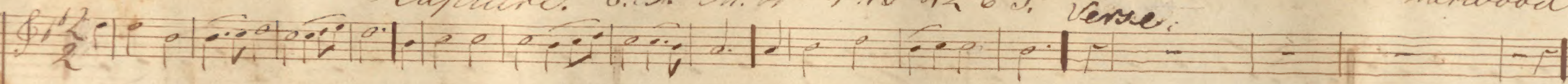
Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,

A blest eternity we'll spend,

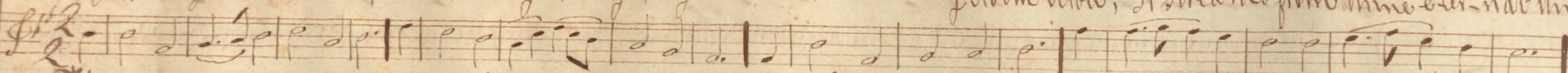
Triumphant in his grace,

Rapture. C. P. M. or 4 4's & 2 6's. Verse.

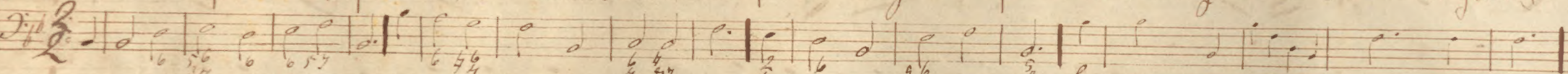
Harwood.



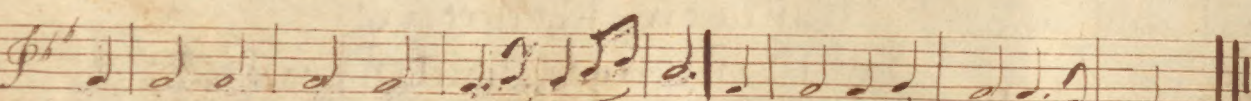
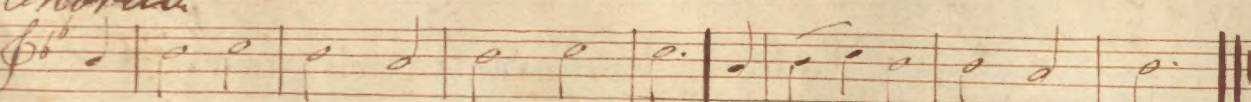
1. My God, thy boundless love I praise; How bright, on high, its glories blaze! How sweetly bloom below! It streams from thine eternal throne;



2 Its love that paints the purple morn, And bids the clouds, in air upborn, Their genial drops distil! In every vernal beam it glows,



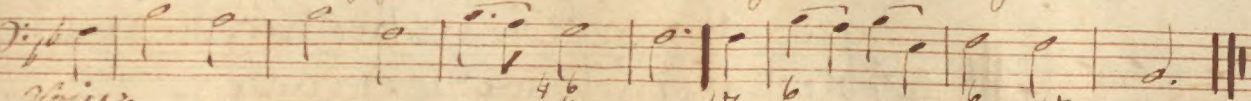
Chorus



Thro' heaven its joys forever run, And over the earth they flow,



And breathes in every gale that blows. And glides in every rill,



Viv.

3. But in the gospel it appears,
In sweeter, fairer characters,
And charms the ravished breast;
There, love immortal leaves the sky,
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary rest,

4. Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent grat-itude;
And all my thoughts and passion tinge,
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's e-ter-nal good,

School-Street.
verse.

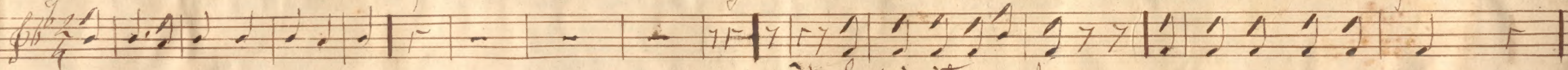
C. I. M. or 4 Lines & 2 C's.
Chorus.

Hayden.

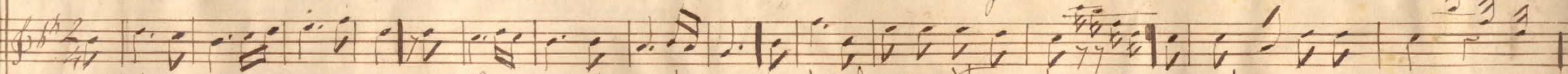


Ye scar-let colour'd sin-ners come,

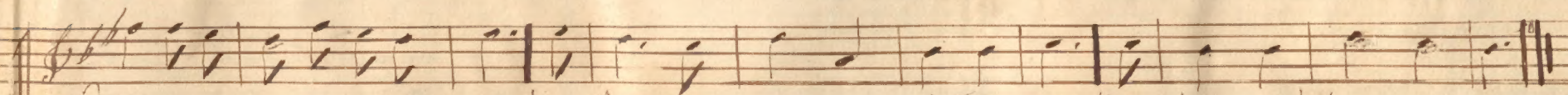
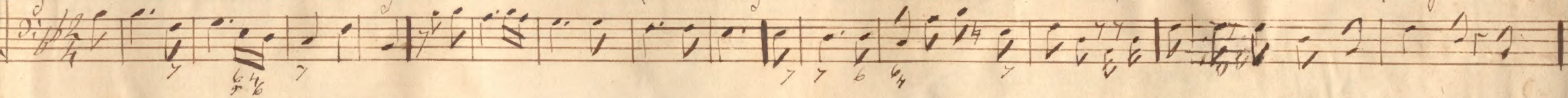
Jesus the Lord in-vites you home O whither can you go.



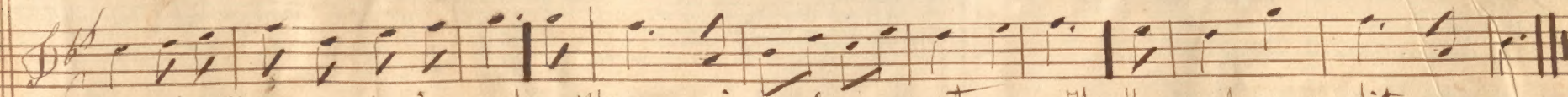
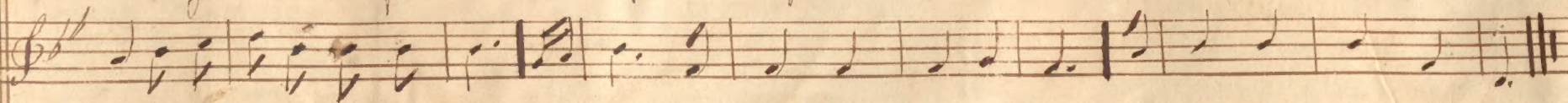
The Lord invites you home.



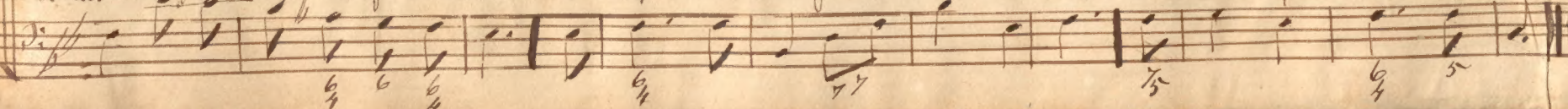
Ye scar-let colour'd sin-ners come. Jesus the Lord in-vites you home. Jesus the Lord in-vites you home; O whither can you go,



What are your crimes of crimson hue. His promise is for-ever true. He'll wash you white as snow.

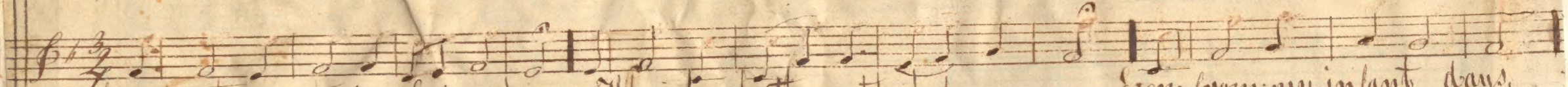
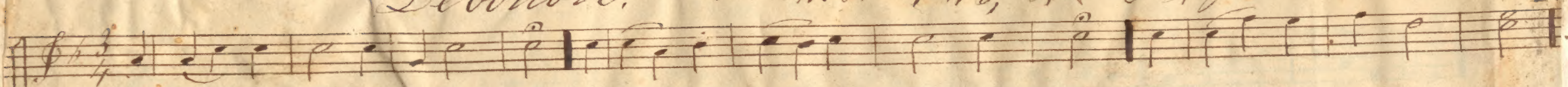


What are your crimes of crimson hue. His promise is for-ever true. He'll wash you white as snow.

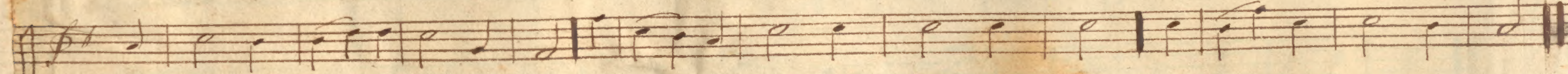
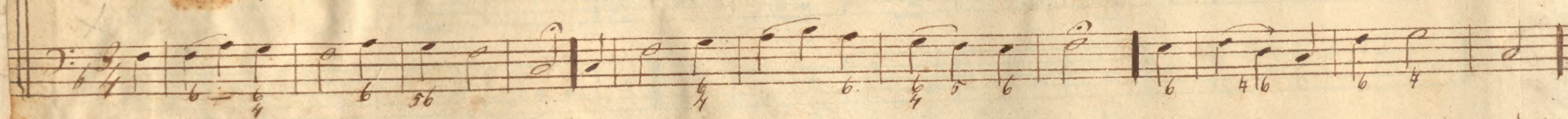
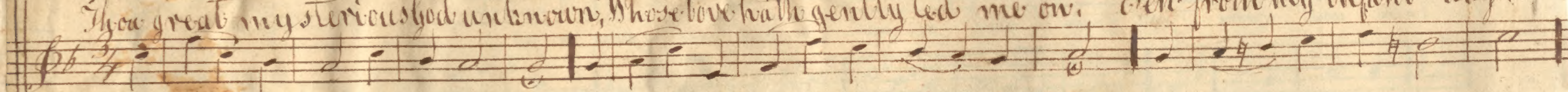


Devotion.

C. P. M. or 4 H's, & 2 6's, Jannet's Coll.



Thou great mysterious God unknown, Whose love hath gently led me on, Even from my infant days.



My inmost soul expose to view, And tell me if I ever knew, Thy justifying grace.

